

Merry's museum

# ROBERT MERRY'S

# MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1848.

No. 1.



23 Jan '39  
"I wish you a happy New Year!".....  
What pleasant sounds are these, es-  
pecially to young ears! How many  
sweet thoughts, bright hopes, fond  
expectations, spring up in the young heart

at the opening of the new year! It mat-  
ters not that the season is cold — that it is  
January — that the flowers are dead and  
buried — that the forests have put off their  
livery of green — that the earth is cov-

ered with snow — that the music of birds is hushed — that the laughing rivulets are turned into ice ; it matters not that the air is chill, and the aspect of nature is desolate and gloomy. Young eyes can see beauty every where. Boys and girls can frolic over the snow, though it be a winding-sheet that wraps their summer playmates — the buttercups, the violets, and the roses — in their tomb. Such is youth — joyous, hopeful, playful, laughing youth. The old are apt to cherish more sober, perhaps gloomy views : experience, disappointment, misfortune, have saddened their hearts ; the sky with them is apt to be hung with clouds ; not winter only, but summer even, is dim and dusky to them. The new year, in opening upon them, brings as much of fear as of hope.

Such is the difference between the young and the old. Who can wonder, then, at old Bob Merry's choice between the two. He prefers the young, and had rather have a bit of fun and frolic with the black-eyed boys and girls, than sit doubled up in a chimney-corner with the old, looking sour, talking scandal, and bemoaning the depravity and misery of mankind. People may laugh, and make wry faces at old Robert, if they will ; he slams the door in the faces of these rusty, crusty, musty people, and is determined to have another happy new year, if Providence spares his life, with his racing, chasing, laughing, romping, shouting, frolicking, running, leaping, sliding, skating, roving, rambling friends, of from five to fifteen. Come away, boys and girls — 'tis new year's day ; let us all be happy — happy in being gay, cheerful, kind — happy in saying and doing

pleasant things to others — happy in our thoughts — happy in our words — happy in deeds and doings.

And when the day is over, let us have a happy evening. Blind-man's-buff, button, or chase the slipper, will help us along. These being over, you will expect me, of course, to tell you a story. Notwithstanding the love of fun which dwells in the hearts of the young, they love something else beside — they love truth and goodness — and I know they are quite as ready to hear a story which conveys instruction, as one that only makes them laugh. As we have had a day of mirth and amusement, it may be well to wind off with a tale designed not only to please the fancy, but to improve and enlighten the hearts, of my young hearers. I shall therefore tell you about the

### Travels of Prince Popinjay.

THE father of this little prince was a great king. He lived in Asia, a thousand years ago, and at the distance of, at least, five thousand miles. His palace was of vast extent, and its towers were covered with gold. Many of its rooms were richly decorated with silver and gold, and ornamented with every device that human ingenuity could contrive. At night it was lighted with ten thousand lamps, and music seemed to fill the air, and the sweetest odors seemed wafted upon the breeze. The grounds around this beautiful palace were of vast extent, and presented every kind of beauty which could be brought together by nature and art. There were many gardens — some devoted to fruits, and some to flowers. In one place there



were many acres devoted to roses. Here were collected the finest varieties from every clime — some white, and some red, and some tinted with various colors. Here you might wander for hours, looking upon nothing but roses, and breathing only perfumes.

Near by was the garden of lilies — hardly less beautiful than the garden of roses. There were also gardens of tulips, and every other species of gay and gaudy flower.

There were also gardens where the trees bent with oranges and figs — where the vines were loaded with grapes — and where every other luscious fruit was found in abundance. There were deep groves, and shady walks, and long avenues. There were smooth lakes, over which the swans, white as the snow, and graceful as the flowers, seemed to glide like pure thoughts in a tranquil bosom. There were bright, dashing rivulets, laughing and leaping down the hill-sides, happy images of happy childhood. There were deep grottoes, incrustated with brilliant stones — so cool, so quiet, as to be the residence of an unseen fairy, known by the name of Echo.

In this palace, and amid these lovely scenes, passed the childhood of little Prince Popinjay. His father bestowed upon him every care, and he was supplied with every thing the heart could wish. He was dressed in silks and decorated with jewels. He was feasted with the dainties of nature and art. He was surrounded by servants anxious to gratify every wish.

But after a time, Prince Popinjay became unhappy. He grew tired of the garden of roses; he became weary of

the lakes and the swans; the groves, the shady walks, the charming promenades, no longer pleased him; he was even weary of the palace. Its splendid halls, its music, its perfumery, its illuminations — the dance, the song, the feast even — disgusted him. By degrees, he withdrew from society. He dismissed the train of servants that attended him. He wandered alone in the forests. In the midst of every seeming pleasure, the prince was unhappy. His chief pleasure lay in sauntering along the banks of rivers, in musing beneath the shadows of the forests, and in sitting for hours in the most hidden of the grottoes. This last became his chosen retreat. Here he would resort in the morning, and, wandering from one apartment to another, he would spend the whole day amid its wild and wonderful labyrinths.

Though he found a certain degree of peace in these solitudes, he was still restless and uneasy. So full was his heart, that his lips moved, and he said audibly, "I am still unhappy." As he uttered these words, a sweet voice seemed to say, from one of the dusky chambers, "Unhappy." The prince fancied himself alone, and he was startled by these sounds. "Who are you?" at last said he. "Who are you?" was answered. "Come here," said the prince, in a commanding tone. "Come here, come here, come here," was thrice repeated from the recesses of the grotto. These words seemed to enter into the heart of the youth; they seemed to him like a command, and he rose to follow in the direction from whence they came. He passed on from one chamber in the grotto to another, the voice still seeming to repeat, "Come here, come

here." As he proceeded, new apartments opened before him, and, as he advanced, they grew lighter and more brilliant than before; many of them shone like the halls in his father's palace, when lit by its myriad lamps of gold and silver.

Delighted with the splendor of these scenes, and enticed by the mellow voice that still spoke to him from the distance, the prince ran forward, now pausing to gaze at the diamonds, and emeralds, and rubies, that glittered from the sides and ceilings of the grottoes; now stooping to pick up some of the gems that shone upon the floor, as if a star had been crushed and its fragments left scattered around; and now stopping a moment to gaze into what seemed a lake of melted diamonds, reflecting in its bosom the objects around. On he went, the scenes growing more and more brilliant, and the echoes becoming softer, and seeming to break into a kind of music. Perfumes were now wafted on the air; the breath of summer seemed to kiss the cheek of the young adventurer. Every sense was full of beauty. "This is indeed enchanting," said the prince; and with this thought he gave himself up to enjoyment. He now walked slowly on, and felt that he could live here forever.

Hours flew by, and the prince still deemed himself happy; but, by degrees, the scene around him began to lose its charm. He grew weary of splendor, and the very light now dazzled his eyes. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, no longer pleased him. "Alas!" said he to himself, "this is not happiness. I have learned before that splendor does not insure peace. These objects may gratify the senses, but there is something within me that is not satisfied. My soul seems

to hunger and thirst for something beside gems and jewels. Happiness must dwell somewhere, else why should I thus long for it? Heaven, that has created the hunger and thirst of the body, has spread the earth with food, and bade water to spring from the ground, to satisfy these wants,—Heaven, that has endowed the soul with high and lofty desires,—must also have provided the means of appeasing them. Where, O, where shall I find the immortal fruits suited to my wishes?" The youth now grew pensive, and at last, while he was considering what he should do, the fairy music ceased, and from one of the far recesses of the cavern he saw a light form approaching him. It seemed a youth of his own age, clad in a simple robe of linen. It came near, and, as he approached, the prince addressed him: "Lovely youth, who are you, and from whence do you come?"

"I am forbidden to tell my name," was the reply. "It is enough to say that I am sent hither to ask your wishes, and to satisfy your desires. Tell me your wants."

"Show me happiness," was the reply, "and teach me how to secure it." "Will you go with me?" said the fairy messenger. "We will visit different countries and climes; we will see the rich and poor, the young and the old, the grave and the gay. If we can discover happiness, you will then know where it exists, and can command the means of obtaining it." The prince was delighted with this proposal, and desired immediately to enter upon the plan that the fairy had suggested. He was at once supplied with a pair of wings, and, by the mere power of thought, began to rise upon the air. The lofty

arches of the cavern melted away before the winged voyagers, and they soon found themselves skimming over a lovely landscape lighted by the morning sun.

The prince was charmed with the scene which now presented itself, and he desired to observe it more closely. The voyagers descended toward the earth, so that they could clearly distinguish the objects. Upon a pleasant hill-side, they saw a shepherd tending his flock. He was seated upon the grass, and seemed occupied in thought. His dress was coarse, but neat and comfortable. The sheep, of which there were at least a thousand, were grazing around. The young lambs were skipping and frolicking in different parts of the field. It was a pleasant scene, and the fairy proposed to stop and ask the shepherd if he "was happy." "No, no," said young Popinjay; "I am a prince, and it would be beneath me to ask counsel of a poor old shepherd."

The adventurers continued their flight. They soon saw a farmer ploughing his field. Near by was his house; the color was brown, but it had an aspect of comfort; around the barn were plenty of cattle and ample stacks of hay. Several children were playing before the door of the house. The maids were milking the cows, and the hens were cackling in the barn-yard.

"Shall we pause and converse with the farmer," said the fairy; but the prince shook his head, and they passed on. In a short time, they came to a small brown building. The voyagers descended and peeped in at the window. This was not very polite, but princes and fairies do strange things. They saw an old woman sitting in her chair. Her hair was white, and

her face was wrinkled. Around the room were about a dozen children, boys and girls. The old woman was teaching one of them to read. The child was very young, and was trying hard to say its A, B, C. The woman smiled as the little urchin strove to say the letters. "Shall we go in?" said the fairy. "No, no," said the prince; "I have learnt my letters; an old woman can teach me nothing."

The travellers took to their wings, and, swift as birds, sped forward on their journey. They saw a boy, with a satchel at his back, going to school. They saw many artisans at their tasks, some weaving, some spinning, some making one thing, and some another. But none of these seemed to excite any interest in the prince; he felt as if he were not of the same race as these common people. Being a prince, he was too proud to take counsel of those so much beneath him.

At last, he became impatient, and said to the fairy, "Can you not take me to the palaces of kings?" "Easily," said the fairy; and scarcely were these words spoken, when they saw a splendid city shining in the distance. In a few moments, they were over it, and could look down upon it as upon a map. They saw its splendid streets, its costly buildings, its arches, statues, and fountains. In the midst of these was a beautiful palace, surrounded with the most lovely gardens.

The fairy now encircled the prince three times with a wand, and said, "We will enter the palace; you shall see the king and his household. You shall be in his presence, hear him speak, and read his thoughts; but at the same time you shall be invisible to him." Immediately the adventurer and his fairy guide found themselves

in one of the large rooms of the palace. There sat an aged man, his brow furrowed with care and anxiety. The prince could understand his thoughts as if they had been spoken aloud. "This is indeed a weary life," said the monarch. "I have many palaces, but the care of them oppresses me. My revenue amounts to millions, but yet the expenses of my army, my navy, my palaces, my household, are still greater, and I am constantly burdened with debts which I cannot pay. I reign over thirty-five million people, but I am obliged to burden them with taxation, and they are constantly complaining, finding fault, and threatening to overturn my government. I am surrounded with soldiers, but my life is in constant danger. I have beds of down, but I cannot sleep for fear of insurrection.

"I have splendid coaches, fine horses, and many attendants, but I have often been shot at, and every time I go abroad I suffer from fear of my life. I am envied by people all over the world, because of the splendor which surrounds me, and the power which I wield, but I would gladly exchange my condition for that of the humblest shepherd or farmer among my subjects. Even when I look with satisfaction upon the glory which surrounds me, the thought that I must soon part with it comes to torment me. I am already old; my eye grows dim, my hand trembles, my appetite fails, my strength departs.

"All the power I possess cannot add one year to my life. In this I have no advantage over the meanest of my subjects. I must soon lie down in the grave, and the king will turn to dust like the very beggar. Alas! alas! misery creeps

into the palace as well as the cottage. I may call myself a king; I may speak of my royal blood; I may call my children dukes and princes; yet, after all, I am but a man, and in a few brief years must turn, like other men, to vulgar dust.

"Is there no help for this? Can I not bribe death to let me alone? Cannot all my money save me from the grave? It cannot be. And what will become of my throne, that I have built up with so much care? Will the crown I have worn be worn by my children? Will a long line of princes support my name and my fame? Shall these go down to future generations, and the light of glory continue to shine upon my memory? There would be bliss in the thought, could I make sure of these results. But, alas! my sons have not the wisdom of their father. They are full of pride and vanity, and I can see that their reign will be short and inglorious." At this point, the king arose, and walked back and forth with great agitation.

The prince was disturbed at this scene, for it seemed very much like what he had witnessed at home. The aged king appeared like his own father, restless and unhappy in the midst of unbounded pomp and power. The prince beckoned to the fairy, and they went away. "I have seen enough of royalty," said he; "let us turn back and visit the shepherd whom we saw upon the hills." In a few moments they were by his side. Appearing like youthful travellers, they inquired if he was happy.

"Perfect happiness," said the gray-haired man, "is not the lot of humanity. This life is but the preparation for another, and is not designed to be free from



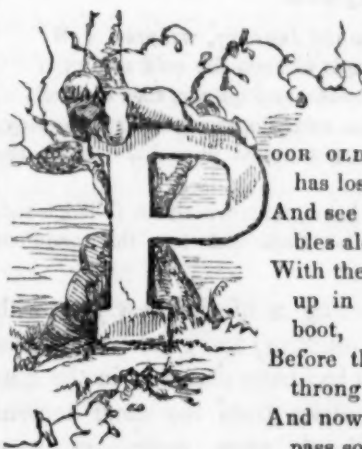
trials; yet I enjoy peace and content." "And by what means do you secure these blessings?" said the prince. "By doing my duty to God and man," was the reply. "Is there no other way to be happy?" said the prince. "None," said the shepherd. "In early life, I travelled over various countries, and saw men in all climes and conditions. I have studied mankind from the king to the beggar. There is but one rule for all — all are alike before God and providence. Do your duty and be happy, is the universal law. All may observe it, and enjoy its benefits; but none can evade it, and secure happiness."

The travellers departed. "I have learned the lesson I sought," said the prince. "Hitherto my life has been founded in mistake. I had supposed that, being a prince, and possessing unbounded wealth, I could purchase happiness, as I could buy merchandise, with money. I now see that it does not lie in external things, but belongs to the mind. I see that I can only be happy in proportion as I am good." After a few more words, the prince gave many thanks to his fairy guide, and, bidding her adieu, returned to the palace of his father.

He no longer took delight in a foppish display of dress, in being flattered by servants and menials, and in a display of riches and power. He studied history and science, and qualified himself to discharge the duties which belonged to his station. After some years, his father died, and he became king. He did not forget the lesson he had learned of the shepherd. "I will seek to do my duty to God and man," said he; "for I have learned that this is the only way for even

a king to be happy." He followed this golden rule, and he is still remembered in Eastern countries as one of the wisest and best of kings, of whom history gives us an account.

### Poor Old Paul.



POOR OLD PAUL! he  
has lost his foot;  
And see how he hob-  
bles along,  
With the stump laced  
up in that clumsy  
boot,  
Before the gathering  
throng!  
And now, as he has to  
pass so many,

And suffer the gaze of all,  
If each would only bestow a penny,  
'Twere something for poor old Paul!

His cheek is pale, and his garb is thin;  
His eye is sunken and dim;  
He looks as if the winter had been  
Making sad work with him!  
While he is trying to hide the tatter,  
Mark how his looks will fall;  
Nobody need to ask the matter  
With poor, old, hungry Paul!

All he has got in his worn-out sack  
Is morsels of bread and meat;  
The refuse, to burden his bending back,  
Which others refuse to eat.  
And now I am sure you will all be willing  
To part with a sum so small,  
As each will spare who gives up a shilling  
To comfort him — poor old Paul!

H. F. G.

## The Month of January.

THE month of January derives its name from *Janus*, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces; because he was supposed to be acquainted with the past and the future. Our January has but one face, and that is a very cold one. Spenser introduces this month in his Fairy Queen.

"Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,  
And blow his nails, to warm them if he may;  
For they were numbed with holding all the  
day

An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needless  
spray."

The ushering in of the new year with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, is a custom that has been observed in the European countries from the most ancient times. Gloves were customary new year's gifts in England; they were more costly in former days than at present, and occasionally money was given instead; this was called "glove-money." An orange stuck with cloves was also a popular new year's gift.

In Paris, new year's day is called *le jour d'étrennes*, and on this occasion parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon-bons*, *souvenirs*, and the variety of *et ceteras* with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humor; and here and there pastry cooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and playhouses, made of fine

flour and sugar, and the embellishments which render French pastry so inviting.

But there is one street in Paris to which a new year's day is a whole year's fortune: this is the *Rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside; for in Paris every trade and profession has its peculiar quarter. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and wagons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy could imagine — bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying-pans, and saucepans; all made of sugar, and colored to imitate reality, and all made with a hollow within to hold the *bon-bons*. The most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*, that is, a little cone ornamented in different ways, with a bag to draw over the large end, and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc to fifty, the *bon-bons* are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them; and by those who do not, they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but *bon-bons* in some way or other must be presented.

It would not perhaps be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended for presents on new year's day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or 100,000 dollars. Jewelry is also sold to a very large amount, and the fancy articles exported in the first week in the year to England and other countries, are computed at one fourth of the sale during the twelve months. In Paris, it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8,000 or

10,000 francs a year to make presents on new year's day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every body accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are excepted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her new year's presents at something considerable. Gowns, jewelry, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and to obtain as much as possible.

At the palace, the new year's day is a complete *jour de fête*. Every branch of the royal family is then expected to make handsome presents to the king. An English gentleman, who was admitted suddenly into the presence of the Duchess de Berri, two months before, found her, and three of her maids of honor, lying on the carpet, painting the legs of a set of chairs, which were intended for the king.

The day commences with the Parisians, at an early hour, by the interchange of their visits and *bon-bons*. The nearest relations are visited first, until the farthest in blood have had their calls; then friends and acquaintances. The conflict to anticipate each other's calls occasions the most agreeable and whimsical scenes among these proficient in polite attentions. In these visits, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounges for the occasion, the morning of new year's day is passed; a dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas day, with cards, dancing,

or any other amusement that may be preferred.

One of the chief attractions to a foreigner in Paris is the exhibition, which opens there on new year's day, of the finest specimens of the Sevres china manufactured at the royal establishment in the neighborhood of Versailles during the preceding year.

Undoubtedly, new year's gifts originated in heathen observances, and were grossly abused in after ages; yet latterly they became a rational and pleasant mode of displaying our gentle dispositions towards those we esteem. Mr. Audley, in his compendious and useful "Companion to the Almanac," says, with truth, that they are innocent, if not praiseworthy; and he quotes this amiable sentiment from Bourne: "If I send a new year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts." The Jews, on the first day of their new year, give sumptuous entertainments, and joyfully wish each other "a happy new year." This salutation is not yet obsolete even with us; but the new year's gift seldom arrives, except to honest rustics from their equals. It is scarcely remembered with a view to its use but by young persons, who, "unvexed with all the cares of gain," have read or heard tell of such things, and who, with innocent hearts, feeling the kindness of the sentiment, keep up the good old custom among one another, till mixture with the world, and "long experience, makes them sage," and sordid.

New year's day, in London, is not observed by any public festivity ; but little social dining parties are frequently formed amongst friends ; and convivial persons may be found at taverns, and in publicans' parlors, regaling on the occasion. Dr. Forster relates, in his "Perennial Calendar," that many people make a point to wear some new clothes on this day, and

esteem the omission as unlucky : the practice, however, from such motives, must obviously be confined to the uninformed. The only open demonstration of joy in the metropolis, is the ringing of merry peals from the belfries of the numerous steeples, late on the eve of the new year, and until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour.



### Something about Mr. Frost.

**A** BRIGHT little rogue jumped out of his bed,  
With his rose-flushed cheek, and his golden hair,  
Curling and floating all over his head,  
As if Slumber had only been frolicking there.  
He sprang to the window, and clapped his hands,  
And a smile came up in his deep-blue eyes ;  
For a vision of other and lovelier lands,  
In still, dim beauty before him lies !  
The fairy garden, the glittering mosque,  
The graceful bower, and gay kiosk,

The lake, that sparkles in light serene,  
Might mark the picture a Persian scene ;  
That cataract foaming ! — a drop of light !

Those cloud-capped mountains in miniature !

Why, a fly, in a twinkling, would climb the height

Where Eastern idolaters knelt of yore !

But close to the temple — how came it there ? —  
Is something that looks like a great white bear !

And gliding away on the sunniest edge  
Of the garden bright, is a Lapland sledge !



The graceful reindeer is white as snow, —  
And the reins and his antlers are silver, I  
know ; —

And see on the seat of the gossamer car,  
A dear little Laplander shines like a star,  
With a cunning white boa, on her tiny blue  
dress, —

What ! fur among roses ! she'll melt, I guess.  
She's rather too brilliant for nature ; no mat-  
ter,

We believe 'tis the privilege of painters to  
flatter.

Willy knew by the tracery, strange and fair,  
That a queer little artist, called Frost, had  
been there ;

And Willy was naughty ; he cried out, " By  
Jingo !

I know who it is that's been painting my win-  
dow ! "

He thought he spied, outside of the pane,  
That funny old man, when he looked again ;  
With his twinkling eyes, keen, cold, and  
bright,

His palette of pearl, and pencil of light,  
His pinions of fleece, with moonbeams inlaid,  
And his three-cornered cap, of a diamond  
made.

He looked hard at Willy, as much as to say,  
" I would give the best gem in my casket to  
play

With your wild, bright curls, and your lip of  
rose,

Or to bite off the end of your dear little nose ! "

" No ! no ! Mr. Frost ! you may peep, if you  
please,

Over the mountains and through the trees !

You may float in the clouds, through the deep  
midnight,

And play with your jewels of rainbow light !  
You may dance on the lake with your twin-  
kling feet,

Till it hardens beneath them, a silver sheet !  
You may wave your wings o'er the woodland  
bloom,

And sprinkle their sparkles amid the gloom,  
Till the whole wild forest, from towering pine  
To baby bush, with your snow-plumes shine !  
You may look on the rivulet, murmuring by,  
Till you charm it to sleep with your clear, cold  
eye,

And bid it forget its flowing !

You may do what you will, and I will not  
fear ;

No ! no ! Mr. Frost ! you shall not come here !  
Mother ! how cold it is growing !

No ! no ! Mr. Frost ! you may bite, if you  
please,

The poor, little, shivering birds on the trees.  
You may dig with the point of your cap in the  
earth,

Till you come to the place where the flowers  
have birth,

And tell them they mustn't come up, if they do,  
You'll pinch them all till they're black and  
blue !

You may frighten the lilies and the roses ;  
You may bite the bush, the vine, the tree,  
But, Mr. Jack Frost, you sha'n't bite me !

Mother, how cold my nose is !

No ! no ! Mr. Frost ! you may eat the grass ;  
You may try your teeth upon window-glass,  
Since you must do some mischief or other ;

You may freeze the brooks ; and the deep, full  
sea,

You thirsty old fellow ! your drink may be !  
But, dear Mr. Jack Frost ! please don't eat me !

O ! give me my breakfast, mother ! "

The milk was lifted for Willy to sip ;

But he felt, just then, on his soft, warm lip,  
A tiny touch, from a hand of ice,

And he put it away from his mouth in a trice.  
What do you think he found in his cup ?

Shining and shivering, icy and bony,

The poor little wight himself peeped up, —

Mr. Jonathan Frost, *in propria persona* !

Willy lifted the bowl, one draught he drew ;

" And pray, Mr. Jack Frost, where are you ?

You needn't go diving and glancing about,  
As if little Willy would let you come out."

Ah, Willy ! he drained the sweet cup with  
delight,

But when he had finished, he stared in af-  
fright ;

He thought he should find him all snugly  
curled up,

The poor little painter, within the deep cup.

Full sharply he looked, but Jack was not  
there ;

And Willy cried out, " Why, he's gone, I de-  
clare !

While I drank, he jumped from the bowl, I know.

Mother, dear mother, did *you* see him go?

You're a coward, Jack Frost; and next time I meet you,

If you dare touch my lips, I'll certainly eat you."

*Juvenile Miscellany.*

### Good Advice.

**I**F you are about to leave a neighbor's house, don't stand stammering and fumbling, and saying, "Well, I guess I must be going." When you are ready, go at once.



Mehemet Ali.

**M**EHMET ALI, the Pacha of Egypt, was a native of Albania, and appears to have been born in poverty. His father had ten children; and such was the spirit of Mehemet while yet a

boy, that no one ever dared to contradict him. Before he was yet a man, he left his country, and travelled about, meeting with various adventures. Coming to Egypt, he enlisted as a soldier. He

soon rose to the rank of captain, and, advancing by degrees, he attained the supreme command of the army. From this position it was an easy step to the throne. He became pacha or king of the whole country.

The disposition of Mehemet was despotic, and he is said to have boasted that he never had a master. He was not, however, like the preceding governors of Egypt. These were ignorant and selfish men, who ruled only to gratify themselves. They looked upon their subjects but as slaves created for the pleasure of their prince.

Mehemet had more elevated views, and was desirous of improving his country; but here a serious obstacle was in his way. The Mamelukes, a body of soldiers collected from various countries, had long exercised a powerful sway in Egypt. No pacha had yet dared to oppose them, or interfere with their wishes. Mehemet thought it necessary to get rid of them, and resorted to a terrible expedient for this purpose. In 1811, he invited them as if to a feast in the city of Cairo, the capital. When they were all assembled, amounting to several thousands, the cannon, which had been placed ready for the purpose, were discharged upon them at a given signal. The slaughter was terrible; all the proud Mamelukes were slain, except a few, who fled to other countries never to return.

Mehemet is absolute in his authority, but he governs according to certain rules and regulations. He has a council, consisting of his chief officers and the governors of provinces. He administers impartial justice to all his subjects, without regard to race or religion; has established

regular judicial courts, and a good police; has abolished tortures and other barbarous punishments; has encouraged instruction to a certain extent; has removed most of the ignorant prejudices, which existed among his subjects, against the arts and learning of Europe, and has introduced European manufactures and machinery. He keeps a printing-office and publishes a newspaper; has formed schools and colleges for the arts and sciences, and for military and naval tactics.

A recent traveller states that Mehemet Ali was born in 1769, the same year which gave birth to Napoleon and Wellington. We are not disposed to give much faith to this statement; for, as the pacha never learned to read till he was forty years old, it is probable that his own recollection of the year of his birth was not very clear, and the wish must have been father to the thought of fixing the date as above. In person, he is of middle size, and dresses very simply. He thinks much of his reputation, and of the name which he will leave to posterity, and has for some years past employed his leisure hours in writing his own history. He has the foreign newspapers translated into Turkish for his perusal, and is not insensible to any calumnies which they contain against him.

His activity is very great. In studying history, it is hardly necessary to state that the lives of Alexander the Great and Napoleon have given him the greatest satisfaction. He has always shown the utmost degree of toleration in religious matters, and, in spite of the prejudices of the people, has, in some instances, raised Christians to the rank of bey — a thing before unheard of among mussulmans.



### Story of the Princess Rosetta.

ONCE upon a time, — if fairy tales are all true, — the king of Bantam had two sons and a daughter. The queen consulted the fairies to know what would be the fortune of her daughter, who was named Rosetta, and who was very beautiful. The fairies were unwilling to tell her; but, at last, they replied, “We fear that Rosetta will bring great misfor-

tune upon her brothers, and even cause their death.”

The king and queen were much-grieved to hear this; and, after deliberating long upon the matter, they shut their daughter up in a lofty tower, where they thought she could do harm to nobody. When she was fifteen years old, both her parents died. Her elder brother took possession



of the throne of Bantam ; and, as he knew nothing of the prophecy of the fairies, he opened the tower, and set his sister at liberty.

When Rosetta came out of the tower, and saw the fine gardens of the palace, filled with flowers, fruits, and fountains, she was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight, for she had never seen any thing of the kind before. Her little dog, Fretillon, who had only one ear, and was as green as a parrot, ran capering before her, quite as much delighted as his mistress. All at once, he ran into a thicket, where the princess followed him, and came suddenly upon a large peacock, a bird which, of course, she had never seen before.

Rosetta, seeing this magnificent bird, with its broad tail spread out to the sun, and glittering with a hundred golden eyes, was struck with surprise and astonishment. She had never conceived of a thing half so beautiful, and for a long time could not take her eyes from it. The king and the queen, when they came up, inquired the cause of her amazement. She showed them the peacock, and asked what it was. They told her it was a bird, and that it was sometimes killed and eaten. "What!" she exclaimed, "do they ever kill and eat so beautiful a bird? I declare to you that I never will marry any one but the King of the Peacocks. I shall then be the Peacock Queen, and I will take care that no more of these pretty birds are eaten."

The king was astonished at this speech, and said, "Sister, where shall we find the King of the Peacocks?" "I don't know," answered she, "but I will marry no one else."

The king and the queen then resolved to have a portrait painted of the Princess Rosetta; and when it was finished, it looked so beautiful that it seemed to want nothing but speech. They then said to her, "Rosetta, we are going to seek for the King of the Peacocks all over the world!" They set forth on their expedition, and, after sailing for six months, they came to a country where the trees were all full of peacocks chattering so loud that they might be heard ten miles out at sea. They inquired the name of this region, and were told that it was called *Coong-seo-quo*, which, in Chinese, means the Country of Peacocks.

When they arrived at the capital, they saw that it was full of men and women dressed in fine clothes made of peacocks' feathers. They met the king, who was taking an airing in a beautiful little carriage of gold beset with diamonds and drawn by twelve peacocks. The travelers addressed him thus: "May it please your peacock majesty, we have come from a far country to show you a portrait;" and here they showed him the picture of Rosetta. He gazed upon it, and was enraptured with its beauty. "Surely," said he, "there cannot be so charming a creature in the world." "Yes, there is," they replied; "she is our sister, and we are the king and queen of Bantam. If you will marry her, we will give her a bushel and three pecks of golden crowns for pin money, and a pair of diamond shoe-buckles as big as hens' eggs, to wear at the wedding."

The King of the Peacocks was delighted to hear this. "I will marry her with all my heart," said he, "if she is as fair as her portrait. But if she is not, I will put

you both to death for deceiving me." To this they agreed, and wrote a letter to their sister with information of the whole matter. Rosetta was enraptured with the news, and embarked immediately in a ship for Coong-seo-quo. She took with her three bushels of golden crowns, two pair of mammoth-diamond shoe-buckles, and clothes enough to last ten years at the rate of two suits a day. Little Fretillon also accompanied her, as well as her old nurse and her foster-sister.

The nurse was a covetous old creature; and one night, when the ship drew towards land, she crept softly to the captain, and said, "If you wish to make your fortune, you must help me throw the princess overboard when she is asleep. I will dress my daughter in her fine clothes, and the King of the Peacocks will marry her; then you shall be rewarded." The captain was loath to drown so beautiful a creature, that had never done him any harm; but the wicked old nurse gave him liquor to drink, and, when he did not know what he was about, she persuaded him to throw the princess overboard, with her feather-bed and little Fretillon, who always lay at her feet.

In the mean time, the King of the Peacocks had come down to the shore to meet his bride, with a most splendid train of attendants, which covered the road for ten miles. He had provided a carriage for Rosetta made all of mother-of-pearl; it was drawn by eight young peacocks; the coachman was a green baboon with red whiskers; and there were six little blue monkeys for footboys. The ship sailed into the harbor, and the false princess landed. She was dressed in Rosetta's finest silk gown, with diamonds and pearls

stuck all over her. But, in spite of her gay dress, she was prodigiously ugly, for her face was as brown as a nutmeg. She was squint-eyed, and had a great, awkward hump on her back. Besides, she was cross and snappish, and a great slattern.

The moment she set her foot on shore, she called out, in a proud tone of authority, "You vulgar wretches, bring me something nice to eat, or I will have you all hanged." The people, hearing this, exclaimed, "What an ugly little trollop! and as wicked as ugly! a pretty bride for our king! much good may she do him!" The peacocks who sat on the trees prepared to cry out, "Long live our beautiful queen Rosetta!" were struck with astonishment at the sight of her, and said one to another, "Fie! how ugly she is!" This put her into a violent passion, and she exclaimed, "Kill those saucy peacocks!" But they only laughed at her, and flew away.

When the king beheld the false princess, he almost flew out of his skin with disappointment and anger. He tore his hair, rent his clothes, and was ready to kill every body that stood near him. "What!" he exclaimed, "have those impudent travellers made such a fool of me, with a lying story about their beautiful sister. Hang such a baboon! Let the two deceivers be thrown into a dungeon instantly." All this while the king and queen of Bantam were waiting for their sister in the palace, dressed out in their finest clothes for this joyful meeting. Hearing a great noise at the door, they exclaimed, "Our dear Rosetta is coming!" But, instead of the princess, they were surprised by the entrance of the jailer, with a file of constables and sol-

diers, who immediately marched them off to prison. Here they were carried down under ground, and thrown into a dungeon, where they were up to the neck in water, surrounded with polliwogs, tadpoles, bullfrogs, and black snakes.

But in the mean time, what became of poor Rosetta and little Fretillon? The princess, as I have told you, was lying on her feather-bed with the dog, when all the three were thrown overboard. Now, the bed-ticking, being of India-rubber cloth, served for a life-preserver, and Rosetta floated on the waves. Little Fretillon crept into her bosom, and kept her warm, and they drove before the wind and sea. Just before daybreak, the dog began to bark, and waked Rosetta. You may guess her astonishment, when she looked round and found herself floating on the sea, out of sight of the ship. She fell to crying and bemoaning her fate. All day long, they drifted on the ocean, and Rosetta, having nothing to eat, feared she should starve to death. But just before the sun went down, a flock of flying-fishes came skimming over her head, and little Fretillon, who was as hungry as his mistress, made a jump at them, and was so lucky as to catch one. Upon this fish the princess and her little dog made a supper. During the night, several great ugly sharks came swimming round them; but Fretillon, who was afraid of nothing, kept up such a barking as scared them all away.

The next morning, they found themselves near the shore of some unknown country. The princess saw a fisherman's hut, not far from the sea; but no human being was to be seen. She said to Fretillon, "'Stuboy! bark, Fretty! bark!'" The dog barked as loud as he could, and

presently a man came out of the hut to see what the noise came from. He looked out toward the ocean, and presently discovered something floating there; on which he took his boat and paddled off. You may judge of his surprise and astonishment when he found Rosetta. He took her into his hut, for he was an honest and kind-hearted fisherman. He made her sit down by a fire of sticks, gave her a blanket to keep her warm, and in an hour or two she began to feel quite comfortable. Little Fretillon danced round the hut for joy at her happy escape.

The old man wondered at this strange adventure, and entreated the princess to tell him her story. So she told him the whole, from beginning to end, crying bitterly all the while; for she thought that the King of the Peacocks had ordered her to be drowned. The honest old man was touched with pity. "How shall we act, my child?" said he. "You are a noble princess, accustomed to good living, while I am a poor fisherman, who have nothing to eat but johnny-cake and herrings. This is the Peacock country, although you did not know it. Let me go and tell the king that you are here; for, if he could once but see you, he would instantly be willing to take you for his wife.

"Alas!" replied Rosetta, "he is a wicked man, and would instantly put me to death. But we will do this. Here is my little dog: just tie a basket round his neck, and send him out: it is ten to one that he will bring us home something to eat."

The old man gave the princess a little basket. She tied it round the dog's neck, and said to him, "Go to Peacockville, find the best saucepan in the city, and

bring me whatever it contains." The little dog wagged his tail, cut a caper, and answered, "Bow-wow," as much as to say, "I have a dog's nose for saucepans," and off he trotted.

As soon as Fretillon arrived at the city, he ran straight to the king's palace, entered the kitchen by the back door, and began to peep about slyly. Seeing a silver saucepan on the dresser, he jumped up, looked into it, and discovered two roast ducks and two apple dumplings. Without more ado, he popped them into his basket, and ran off. Rosetta and the old man were amazed when the dog came running back with so fine a dinner for them. "Go again, Fretillon," said she; "perhaps you can get us some nice white bread and a little fruit, to finish our repast." "Bow-wow," said the dog; and away he ran again with his basket. When he reached the palace, the kitchen door was shut, for the cooks had missed the ducks and dumplings, and were in great trouble, thinking some beggar had stolen them. Fretillon scratched at the door, but was unable to open it. He then ran round the corner, and climbed in at a window which stood partly open. He then popped under the table, and crept slyly into the cupboard, where he helped himself to a fine white loaf, a dozen soda biscuits, a minced pie, a pound of raisins, and three cranberry tarts nicely sugared. With all these in his basket, he trotted home again.

When the king's dinner-hour had come, he was puzzled to guess why the bell did not ring. At length came the chief officer of the kitchen, who was called the "Knight of the Golden Gridiron," and said, "May it please your Peacock majesty,

the ducks and dumplings have disappeared, nobody knows how, and your majesty has nothing for dinner!" The king was much vexed at this disappointment, for he was exceedingly fond of roast duck and dumpling. However, there was no remedy; so he dined that day on cold meat, and ordered a green goose and cherry-pie for next day's dinner.

The next day, Rosetta sent off her dog with his basket again. When he came to the palace, he found the door and windows all shut close; for the cook had missed the bread, pies, and raisins, and was determined to keep the beggars out of the house this time. Fretillon ran smelling and scratching about, fearing he should not be able to get in. At last, he discovered a coal-hole, which he crept into, and found himself in the cellar. Here he got up the back stairs into the kitchen, and carried off the green goose and cherry-pie.

When dinner-time came, there was no bell rung again, and the king sent immediately for the Knight of the Golden Gridiron. That personage made his appearance with a face as pale as ashes. "Please your Peacock majesty," said he, trembling all over from head to foot, "the goose and cherry-pie have disappeared, like the ducks and dumplings. Either we are all bewitched, or the dishes have legs, and run away of themselves!" The king was more amazed than ever at this new disaster. However, he made a shift to dine upon some cold minced fish, and ordered a baked woodchuck and custard for to-morrow.

This time, the king was determined to know what became of his dinner. So,



about eleven o'clock, just as it was put into the oven, he dressed himself in an old green baize jacket and corduroy trousers, smutted his face, and went into the kitchen, pretending to be one of the scullions. Here he kept watch in a corner; and, a few minutes after the dinner was taken out of the oven, he beheld a little green dog, with one ear, creep slyly out of the ash-hole, catch up the woodchuck and custard, and run off with them in a basket. The king followed him, to see where he would carry them, and the dog led him to the old fisherman's cottage.

The king then returned to the city, threw off his scullion's dress, and gave orders to seize all the persons in the cottage, and bring them bound before him. So the officers went to the cottage, where they found Rosetta, the old fisherman, and Fretillon, dining on the woodchuck and custard of his Peacock majesty. They instantly seized the princess and old man, and tied their hands; the dog also they bound by the fore paws; and all three were carried to the king.

When the prisoners were brought into his majesty's presence, — as you may see them in the cut at the beginning of this tale, — the king demanded who they were, and what they meant by stealing his dinner. The old man threw himself at his feet, and told the whole story of the Princess Rosetta. The king, who had not before taken any notice of the princess, because she was dressed in old, tattered clothes, now gazed earnestly in her face, and at length exclaimed, "Bring me the picture; for I believe this is indeed the real Princess Rosetta, and the other was a counterfeit!" When the picture was

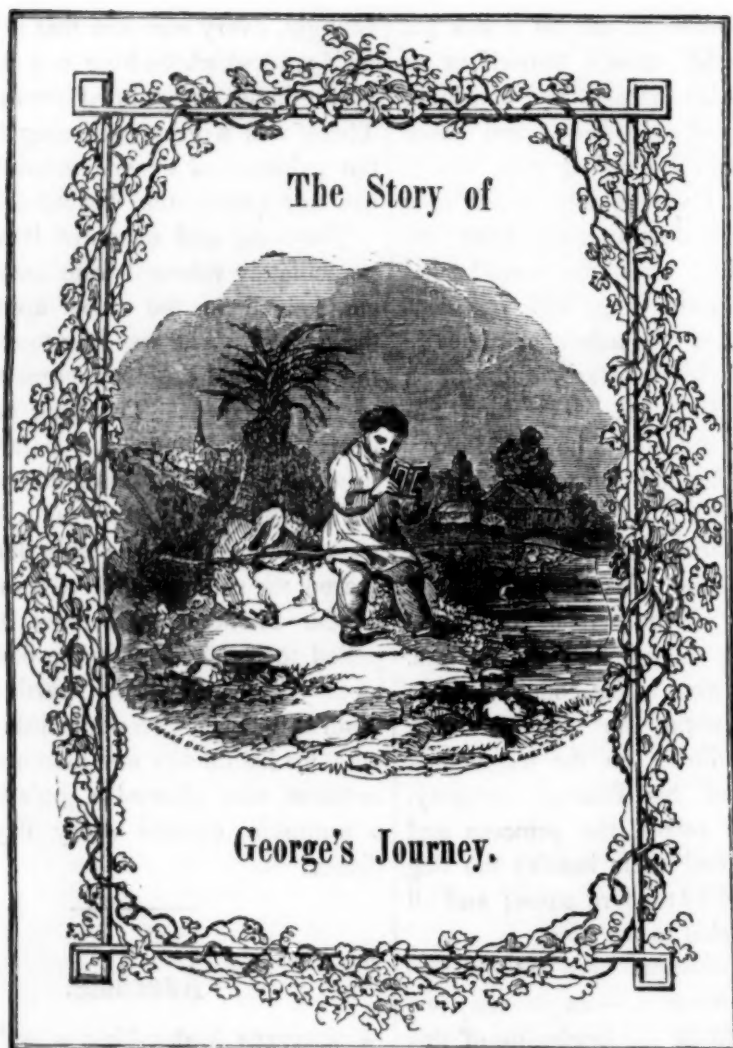
brought, every one saw that it was so indeed; on which the king took the princess by the hand and saluted her as his bride. There was a great rejoicing throughout the palace, and every one cried, "Long live our queen, the beautiful Rosetta!"

The king and queen of Bantam were immediately released from their dungeon, and lodged in the finest apartments of the palace. The wedding took place immediately, and Rosetta became the Queen of the Peacocks. The king bestowed a liberal reward upon the benevolent old fisherman, who had taken compassion upon Rosetta in her distress. As for the wicked nurse and her ugly daughter, he spared their lives, but condemned them to the kitchen, where they were compelled to scour dirty frying-pans as long as they lived. Thus all parties got their deserts, not even excepting little Fretillon, who, for his fidelity and attachment to his mistress, was allowed a pig's trotter and a pumpkin custard every day for his dinner.

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### Anecdote.

A CERTAIN lord, taking a walk with a gentleman near a country village, saw a poor boy dragging a calf with both his hands. "You shall see I'll make the boy loose his calf," said my lord, laughing, and supposing the boy would have pulled off his hat to him. Being disappointed, he said, "Sirrah! don't you see me, that you keep your hat on?" "An't please your lordship," replied the boy, "to hold my calf, I'll pull it off; but at present you see I have my hands full."



TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## CHAPTER I.

**G**EORGE, a little boy of eight years of age, was going to school one bright summer morning; but, instead of being happy, his eyes were full of tears, and his face had an expression as mournful as if he were undergoing some punishment. He, however, went along, until, coming to a sunny bank, he threw himself

down upon it, bemoaning what he called his hardships. The great heat and his inclination, combined, caused him soon to fall asleep. He soon began to dream. Having afterwards related his dream to me, I write it, in hopes that all young people who read it will profit by it.

George dreamt that he was in the middle of a little garden, which was laid out in front of his father's house. His mother

was waiting for him to come and bid her good-by; his father was holding on his knees his two cousins, Caroline and Emilie, who were going to set out with him on a long voyage. This journey was not going to be tedious, since the road that they were to follow was strewn with pleasures ever new and without end. The country that they were going to visit was said to contain every thing delightful. They were going to the Land of Happiness.

Who among you, my young friends, has not sighed often for a place like this? Who has not thought that he should like to pass his life there?

George was in such a hurry to depart that he scarcely paused to kiss his mother, and bid her good-by. A pretty little wheelbarrow was ready for the party at the door. Caroline's and Emilie's dolls were already in their places, side by side, with a Punch, belonging to George, and all the playthings they were going to carry with them. The children had so arranged that one of the little girls could ride when she was tired. George did not once consider the fatigue he might have to undergo, for he thought of the pleasures before him. He refused his cousins' invitations to let them drag him, when tired, as he certainly should have done, being the beau of such pretty little girls. He tackled himself into the wheelbarrow, in which Caroline took her place, while Emilie walked; and thus they set out.

It was not long, however, before George perceived that he was going to buy his pleasure with some trouble; for the wheelbarrow, that he at first thought so light, seemed to become heavier every minute; and, as the sun was very hot, he was soon obliged to stop and take breath.

It was not long before the children discovered that, in their hurry to depart, they had forgotten many necessary articles. They had laden the wheelbarrow with toys, but they had entirely forgotten to provide themselves with food. It was lucky for them that there were people stationed in the road with all sorts of eatables and drinkables. They presently heard the ringing of a little bell, which foretold the arrival of a lemonade-seller, and they soon saw him approach with a small silver fountain on his back, to which hung bright, clean tumblers. The children ran towards him, and were able to quench their thirst without paying for it. They were already approaching the Land of Happiness.

This refreshment having renewed their strength, Caroline now gave her place to Emilie, and walked by her side. They began to tell their dolls the pleasure they expected to enjoy. George again courageously tackled himself to the wheelbarrow, and they set out, singing as they went.

The children were not accustomed to travelling, and as the dinner hour approached, they began to feel very hungry. The lemonade they had drank had not satisfied their appetite. Their anxiety was not, however, of long duration; for they soon saw a pretty village in the distance, which they recognized for Nanterre, where they had often been with their parents.

Just before they arrived there, a little incident happened which somewhat frightened them. A little guard (soldier) came up to them. He had nothing in his appearance that ought to cause fear, for he was a child, like themselves.

He was about seven years old. His

little military dress fitted him exactly; his little paper hat was coquettishly placed over one ear; his epaulets tied upon his shoulders; a superb wooden sword hung by his side; and he smoothed, with a proud air, the place where his moustaches were not yet grown.

He spoke to George, and said, "Your *passport*,\* sir." The poor child was frightened; he hung down his head, put his finger in his mouth, and seemed ready to cry. At the same time, he answered, trembling, "I have none." "Where are you going?" said the little soldier, in a rough voice. George pointed to the road they were following, and said, "*To the Country of Happiness.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Dumb Lover.

AT the time that Francis the First of France was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his officers, the valorous Chevalier Bauregard, smitten by the charms of an Italian lady named Aurelia, of a noble family, declared his passion to her. Aurelia, although she was flattered by the declaration, refused his solicitations, on the ground of the levity of the French character and their national indiscretion. The extreme violence of the chevalier's love urged him to propose to

\* A *passport* is a paper required by the government of some countries of those persons who travel from place to place. The paper contains a description of the person who carries it. The object of it is, to enable the government to detect such persons as may engage in schemes against the public peace. Passports are not required in America, or England, but they are in France, &c. &c.

the lady to try his constancy. Aurelia accepted the proposition, and engaged to marry him if he would consent to remain dumb for six months. The chevalier promised, and from that moment never opened his lips. He returned to Paris, among his friends and relations, who lamented the singular infirmity he had brought with him from the army. Bauregard expressed only by signs, and the physicians were sent for. He refused their assistance. The captive king was at last restored to his people; but his joy at his return was diminished by the unfortunate chevalier, who was honored by the king's particular friendship. Francis sent his best doctors to his favorite, who this time accepted the medicine, but with no effect. The king went so far as to employ the charlatans, who then, as well as now, pretended to possess specifics for all evils. He then called in those who dealt in charms, but all to no purpose. All the court were hopeless of his cure, when a fair fortune-teller presented herself, and wrote to the king that she would undertake to restore the chevalier's speech. Being sent for, she was introduced to Bauregard, when she addressed him by that word, "Speak!" Bauregard immediately recognized in the stranger his beloved Aurelia, who had long witnessed his constancy and devotion. Francis was sensibly affected at the event, and presented him with a rich marriage portion.

It was a saying of a great divine, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than he ever expected.





### Monkey Orators.

**I**T has been often remarked that monkeys appear to have been made in ridicule of mankind. Their forms are, indeed, very much like those of men, and many of their movements and actions are like those of human beings. They have hands with fingers, and feet with toes. Their fore legs they use like arms, and some species can walk erect on their hind legs. Their faces are formed somewhat like those of men, and they have often a human expression in the countenance.

It is true that the monkey creation have not so much real intelligence as the dog, the elephant, and some other animals;

but they are often very cunning. Their most remarkable characteristic, however, is their disposition to imitate whatever they see done. This turn of mimicry has frequently proved fatal to them. In Africa, the negroes go beneath the trees, where the monkeys are climbing, and wash their faces in water. They then go away, leaving under the trees a vessel filled with a gummy liquid. When the monkeys see that the people are gone, they descend, and, imitating the negroes, wash their faces in the gum. Immediately their eyes are all stuck up, so that they are completely blind. The negroes, who, at a little distance, have watched their

proceedings, now come forward, and have no difficulty in catching the foolish monkeys.

There is an amusing fable, founded upon an incident which is supposed really to have taken place. A monkey, who had often seen his master shave himself, once took advantage of his absence, and undertook to perform the same operation. Having lathered himself thoroughly, he took out the razor, and gave it a flourish, but, unluckily, he drew it across his throat, and died on the spot. This fable teaches the folly of undertaking to do a thing merely because we see others do it, and without understanding its use or meaning. Persons who do this are often called monkeys.

Among the monkey tribe there is considerable variety. The apes have no tails, and some of them have a grave and solemn aspect. Some have no voice, or, at least, are generally silent. But there are other monkeys so noisy, as to have acquired the title of *howlers*. These are particularly eloquent at night, and sometimes make the woods ring for miles around. When a number of them are howling at once, they seem to resemble our House of Representatives at Washington, who sometimes forget propriety, and a number of them speak at once. Sometimes a single howler will take his position upon the branch of a tree, and will seem to be making a regular speech to the rest of the monkeys, who squat upon the ground below. These creatures can never have seen one of our noisy politicians addressing an assembly; we are therefore bound to suppose that stump oratory is the national practice of monkeys, and that they have not adopted it

from mankind, as we might otherwise have imagined.

## Peeps at Paris.

No. I.

### THE CASTLE OF FLOWERS.

THE *Château des Fleurs*, or Castle of Flowers, is situated near the western extremity of Paris, on the avenue of the *Champs Elysées*. Every thing around it, and in its immediate neighborhood, seems to breathe its own spirit, — a love of the open air, of room, and space, and green trees, — which contrasts strangely with the closely-packed appearance of the city in some other quarters. First, the *Champs Elysées* themselves, with their wide-spreading elms, broad avenues, and fountains always playing, — the *Jardin Mabille*, where three nights a week the dancing population of the city assemble to polk and waltz under the clear sky, — the English and Dutch breweries, where the tipplers of strong beer, with each a table to himself, drink their malt liquor in groves and arbors, where a cucumber coolness reigns around, though, at a stone's throw to the left, the sun is pouring down his midsummer heats, and making little rainbows with the spray of the fountain of the *Place Beaujeu*, — then, in the distance, the *Bois de Boulogne*, the *Arc de l'Etoile*, and the *Hippodrome*; and, farther still, the villages of Neuilly and Passy.

In the immediate vicinity of all these places there is a good deal of unoccupied ground, and the present proprietors of the *Château des Fleurs* thought that, in con-

verting a useless waste into a garden, where the attraction should be illuminations of the grounds, the performance of the lighter kinds of music, — both instrumental and vocal, — the establishment of a sort of small flower and fruit market, together with the incidentals of coffee and ice-creams, they should render an acceptable service to the Parisians, whose tastes are well known to admit and acknowledge the pleasures of the country, as far as their love for their own city will allow them to go.

On approaching the *Château*, towards seven o'clock in the evening, a large, flaming sign, the letters burning in differently-colored fires, makes known to you its whereabouts, at the same time that the pedestrians, wending their way thither, serve you as guide-post and mile-stone. On paying your twenty cents, receiving, and, on entering the gates, giving up your ticket, you find yourself in a large domain, of which the centre, in the form of a large oval, has been entirely cleared of its shrubbery, leaving the borders thickly studded with trees of all sizes and shapes, sometimes trimmed into fantastic forms, sometimes formed into groves, and serving as posts for myriads of variously-colored lamps.

These outskirts of the garden are intersected in every direction by little gravel walks, by following which you will, in time, make the tour of the garden. We shall therefore begin at the beginning, and finish with the end, as they say in France. We are going to follow every one of these little paths, so as not to lose a single thing. We have paid our franc at the door, and we are determined to have our money's worth. So we turn to the left, and the

first thing we come to is the *café*, or refectory. To suit the genius of the place, this is all out of doors, the tables standing upon the grass, and painted green, to resemble the trees; it commands a good view of the orchestra, and is quite retired and comfortable. But we sha'n't stay long here; the prices are quite too high for our purses: only think of giving ten cents for a thimble full of coffee, or twenty cents for a small ice-cream!

I see you are of my economical opinion; so we pass through the *café*, and come to a bridge, which, from some unaccountable reason, is called the "*Bridge of Sighs*." This bridge passes over a sort of artificial ravine, the banks of which are literally covered with a species of red geranium. The bridge and the adjoining trees are brilliantly lighted with red lamps; and the effect of this red color, which meets you at every step, is singular and striking. Beyond is a grotto, or an attempt to imitate a grotto, by the aid of some blue gauze and the dexterous admission of a sort of vaporous, dreary light, by which the effect of distance is tolerably well realized.

We now come to the *Château*, or castle itself, which is considered by all a great failure; and you will think so too, when you have examined it. It is placed at the bottom of the garden, and points, of course, towards the top. It presents but one side, the front. There is no attempt at perspective, except what may be derived from the painting, which, however, is unskilfully applied. No one is allowed to pass behind it, as, being nothing but tall posts covered with boards and painted on one side, it would not look well from the rear. So we pass in front of the *Château*,

where a great many flowers, of all sorts, colors, and odors, are growing in profusion, and where, for the first time, we get a bird's-eye view of the whole garden. The centre, as we already know, has been divested of its trees and shrubbery, and their places are now filled by myriads of little straw-bottomed chairs, ranged in rows and fronting the orchestra.

The staging for the orchestra is very prettily arranged, being built somewhat in the form of a Grecian temple, ornamented with brilliant lamps and the larger sorts of flowers. Farther on is an enclosed space, where all the pains of the gardener have been spent in producing a lawn of a most unrivalled beauty. In this open space are crowded a variety of colored lamps, revolving and stationary, statues and groups of statuary, upon which the light is made to fall in a manner the most picturesque. But we must continue our tour. On leaving the *Château*, we plunge into a deep shade, whose darkness, however, is lightened by our constant friends, the colored lamps. In this grove we find numerous games, at which we can amuse ourselves in the intervals of the concert. There are Chinese billiards, revolving horses and swings, games of address, &c.

Close to these is the place where the performers at the concert rehearse beforehand. As we pass by, we hear the scraping of violins, the running of chromatic scales, the hoarse sounds of the trombone, the squeaking of the flageolet, all in delightful confusion. Still farther on is a small flower market, where pretty girls sell still prettier bouquets. We now approach the upper end of the garden, where the amusements of the lower end seem to be exchanged for a comparative

stillness and retirement. The same lights as ever, but thicker trees, fewer walks, and fewer visitors. We go on and on, getting soon in face of the *Château*, and then again finding ourselves where we started, in the expensive *café*, and close to the entrance.

The crowds are still pouring in; and we are just thinking we will take our seats to prepare for the concert, when a gigantic beat of the bass drum calls the loungers from every part of the garden, who hastily take the best place they can find, buy the programme of the evening, blow their noses, — a practice striking and universal in Paris, — take out their opera-glasses, and wait. We do as the rest do, pay three cents for our play-bill, and wait. At last they begin.

First, a *polka*, which so recalls to all of us the youthful ball-room, and the quick movement of this exciting dance, that many of the young ones are on the point of knocking over their chairs and breaking into the merry measure, when the *polka* stops, and a melancholy young man sings a snatch from an opera, or a gem from an album. Then comes a quadrille, then a duet, a quick succession of waltzes and songs, and the first part is finished. Then every one rises from his seat, and the vast crowd loses itself among the trees, and in the groves, plays at the games, buys the bouquets, looks at the grotto, tries to go behind the *Château*, crosses the bridge, indulges itself at the expensive *café*, and at the bang of the bass drum quietly seats itself again to listen to the second part.

Again a *polka*, again a duet, still another waltz, more songs, and the second part is done. As every lady is adjusting



her shawl, and all the gentlemen are putting their opera-glasses in their pockets, the *Château* seems to be on fire! Every one mounts on his chair to see the fireworks. At one corner of this gaudy edifice a Catharine-wheel commences slowly its gyrations, and then, like all other Catharine-wheels, it goes faster and faster, and then dies away till you think it's all over, when—whizz, spirt, pop-ity bang—it changes into something else, to go it all over again. At the other corner blazes away a Roman candle, or a Chinese rocket. From the top, colored fires dart quickly into the darkness, and as quickly go out. At the bottom, the air is filled with the brilliancy of two Bengal lights, which are the first to be fired and the last to be extinguished.

As the Catharine-wheel ceases to turn, and the Chinese rockets and the colored fires lose their glare and begin to grow dim, as the Bengal lights flicker and fade, the vast crowd hurries on its cloaks and shawls, and leaves the *Château* to its dreams. Then the musicians pack up their instruments and go home; the gas man turns off the gas, and lets night in upon the garden; the gardener locks the gates, puts the keys in his pocket, and goes home too. Then the *Château* goes to sleep, and if it dreams, and sees itself and all its grandeur in a looking-glass, we must leave some one else to tell the story.

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To be positive in conversation is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumphs. If you are in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

## Late Hours.

ALL animals, except those that prowl at night, retire to rest soon after the sun goes down; from which we may conclude that Nature intended that the human species should follow their example. It is from the early hours of sleep, which are the most sweet and refreshing, that the re-accumulation of muscular energy and bodily strength takes place, as well as of that due excitability in the brain indispensable to the operation of our waking hours. Sleep has been called the "chief nourisher in life's feast;" but how few find it such! In order that sleep may be refreshing, it is necessary to take sufficient exercise in the open air during the day, to take a light supper, or none at all, avoiding tea or coffee late in the evening, to sleep on a hair mattress, with a light covering of bed-clothes, in a room freely ventilated. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington, now a hale old man, is accustomed to sleep on a narrow, hard pallet; and we believe the couch of Queen Victoria is also of the simplest possible construction. It is reported that the duke justifies the narrowness of his resting-place on the plea that when a man wishes to turn, it is then high time to get up. We seldom hear the laborious peasant complain of restless nights. The indolent, pampered epicure, or the man who overtakes his brain and denies himself bodily exercise, is very liable to *sleeplessness*.

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WHAT some people call *freedom* is nothing else but the liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things.



Sir Christopher Wren.

**T**HIS extraordinary man was born at East Knoyle, in England, in 1632. He was a feeble child, but he displayed wonderful genius at an early period. He had a turn for scientific pursuits, and, at the age of thirteen, invented several curious scientific instruments. At fourteen, he entered the college at Oxford, where he formed intimacies with several persons, who afterwards became eminent.

He settled in London, and, at the age of twenty-four, had become celebrated for his useful inventions and his writings upon scientific subjects. In 1657, he was appointed, by King Charles II., professor of astronomy. In 1666, the great fire in London occurred, and Wren was employed to plan several edifices, as Temple Bar, the Royal Exchange, the Monu-

ment, &c. The first and last of these are still in existence.

But the most celebrated work of Wren's life was the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was the architect. It is in the heart of London, and, unhappily, the buildings around are crowded so close that its exterior shows to little advantage. It is, however, one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. The annexed engraving shows the appearance of it as you approach it through the street called Ludgate Hill.

The ground plan of this mighty building is in the form of a cross, the length running east and west. It is about five hundred feet long, and three hundred and fifty feet broad in the widest part. It covers about three acres of ground. The ball near the top is large enough to admit several



men, and the cross above it is nearly four hundred feet from the ground.

In America, we have no buildings that compare with this in magnificence. On entering it, and looking up to the dome, it really seemed to me to be a work surpassing human power. The more I surveyed this building, the more it excited my wonder and admiration. It is adorned

with many statues, and no one can be surprised that the memory of the man who planned it is held in the highest estimation. This Cathedral was commenced in 1675, and was not finished till thirty-five years after. Sir Christopher died in 1723, leaving behind him many monuments of his architectural genius, which are still the pride of the British metropolis.

### The Wolves and the Fiddler.

**M**ANY years ago, a man was going through the woods in Indiana, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously; but a few of them would dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became

much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the wayside. Into this he rushed for shelter, and, without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on

the rafters. The wolves rushed in after him, and, becoming quite furious, howled and leaped, and endeavored, with every expression of rage, to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and he, being able to see his enemies, and, satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened; then, removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them, with a tremendous clatter, upon such of his foes as remained outside, who scampered off. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and, drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement; for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften even the heart of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbors assembled, and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

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### Chinese Gratitude.

**I**N English merchant, by the name of C—, resided many years at Canton and Macao, where a sudden reverse of fortune reduced him from a state of affluence to the greatest necessity. A Chinese merchant, by the name of Chinqual, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of \$10,000, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount. This the Chinese immediately threw into the fire, saying, "When you, my friend, first came to China, I was a

poor man. You took me by the hand, and assisting my honest endeavors, made me rich. Our destiny is reversed; I see you poor while I am blessed with affluence." The by-standers had snatched the bond from the flames; the gentleman pressed his Chinese friend to take the security, which he did, and then effectually destroyed it. The disciple of Confucius, beholding the increased distress it occasioned, said he would accept of his watch, or any little valuable, as a memorial of their friendship. The gentleman immediately presented his watch, and Chinqual, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying, "Take this seal; it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value; but, as you are going to India to look after your outstanding concerns, should fortune further persecute you, draw upon me for any further sum of money you may stand in need of, sign it with your own hand, and seal it with this signet, and I will pay the money."—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*

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### Lord Byron on Clean Hands.

**I**N an amusing letter to a friend in Paris, in 1817, his lordship said, "I never was a great phrenologist, nor do I pretend to read mankind as quickly as yourself; but if a stranger comes in, I generally look at the state of his hands. To a gentleman dirty hands are an abomination. That settles one point. A respectable man never presents himself with dirty hands and foul nails; so, if I find my customer with these credentials, I conclude that he is an idler, a drunkard, or a scamp, and I show him out as soon as possible."





### The Bheels.

**T**HE Bheels, or Bils, are a peculiar race of people in Hindostan, living in the provinces of Gujerat and Malwa.

They are believed to be the remnant of an aboriginal tribe, who were driven into the mountainous parts of the country, at a very early period of history, by the Brahmins.

The Bheels have a great aversion to regular industry, and live a loose sort of life, plundering their neighbors, or serving as mercenaries in the armies of such of the Hindoo chiefs as choose to hire them. A few of them are cavalry, but the greater part fight on foot, armed only with bows, and almost naked. Their dwellings are of the rudest kind, and they are in other respects barbarians; yet they

are generally regarded as a nobler and manlier race than any of the Hindoo tribes which surround them. They are very expert in the use of the bow, which in their hands is a most formidable weapon. They seldom or never attack the Europeans in their vicinity, but receive in a friendly manner such Christian travellers as visit their country. Their Hindoo visitors are treated with less hospitality. Many attempts have been made to civilize the Bheels, and to wean them from their wild and lawless way of life, but thus far without success. They profess to be of the Hindoo religion, but, from their ignorance, they are by no means exact observers of the Brahminical rites.

## Riddle.

**M**y head and tail both equal are,  
My middle slender as a bee ;  
Whether I stand on head or heel,  
'Tis all the same to you or me.

But if my head should be cut off, —  
The matter 's true, although 'tis strange, —  
My head and body, severed thus,  
Immediately to nothing change.

## The Swiss Boy's Song.

WORDS AND MUSIC FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

PLAINTIVE.

Stay, la - dy, in your bower so fair, And list a sim - ple moun - tain air ;

And tho' it be a plain - tive lay, For - give, for I am far a - way.

Away from home and parents dear —  
No brother, sister, kindred near —  
O, who could sing a cheerful lay,  
From home and country far away ?

The lark may spurn the meadow's dew,  
And sing aloft 'mid heaven's blue,  
For triumph prompts his joyous lay ;  
But I am poor and far away !

The robin sings his song of cheer,  
For, lo, the loved are listening near ;  
But I can only sing the lay  
That suits a wanderer far away.

My robe is thin, my feet are bare,  
A crust of bread my daily fare ;  
But 'tis not these that tune my lay,  
But thoughts of home and far away.

You ask why thus I wander here,  
Alone, away from kindred dear.  
'Tis poverty that bids me stray  
From home and country far away.

Then, lady, list my simple air,  
And grant the wanderer's humble prayer ;  
And O, forgive the tears that stray  
While thus I sing of far away.